

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

This Dog Is a Regular Patron of a Trolley Line

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.—Druggist John Harvey's beagle hound, Gyp, five years old, has a passion for trolley car riding. All the regular conductors on the Berkshire line, running between Great Barrington and Canaan, Conn., are his friends. Hardly a day goes by that Gyp does not enjoy a trolley ride. At the hour when he knows a car is due he takes a position on Main street near one of the white posts where stops are made, and when a car stops he looks up to see if it is the conductor he knows, and if it is he boards the car. After the round trip he leaves the car, barking his thanks to the conductor for his ride. One day after boarding a car he noticed that it was in charge of a strange conductor. When the new man demanded "ticket!" of a passenger in front of whom Gyp was standing, Gyp remarked "how wow!" which was his usual way of saluting his friend, the regular conductor. "Hello! who pays your fare?" asked the conductor. "How-wow," replied Gyp. The conductor was on the point of putting him off the car when the motor man intervened.

"He's all right; his collar is chalked and he has a life pass on this road. Let him off at the corner of Church and Main in Great Barrington; there's where he belongs." And Gyp got his ride.

Quite often Gyp goes hunting alone. Does he walk to the hunting grounds? Not a bit of it. He boards a trolley car and rides out several miles into the country to his favorite piece of swale, where the rabbits are thickest. There he leaves the car and enters the swale to spend most of the day hunting.

Near by is a farmhouse, where he has made friends. There he goes when tired of the hunt and knocks on the door until admitted and a bowl of milk is set out for him.

Boys Break the Rules in Academy of Fine Arts

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It happened in the Academy of the Fine Arts in this city. A gentleman came in accompanied by four lads ranging apparently from ten to fifteen years. They were laughing and chatting at a merry rate. They had come to "see the sights" and were being ushered in the section that holds the statuary.

"Ah, ha, boys! Here is a fine bust of Julius Caesar. What do you think of him?" The tallest boy ran his fingers lightly over the head.

"He has a finely proportioned head; I like his forehead, but the jaw is strong and the mouth seems cruel."

"Let's have a look at him," said another of the boys, moving forward. He fingered the bust carefully. "Yes, cruel and tyrannical. I should say, judging from his face."

A woman among the other visitors in the academy stepped toward the group, after whispering indignantly: "See these boys putting their hands on those statues? I'll stop that."

She was about to do so when the boys and their companion turned away from the statue they had been examining. As they faced the other visitor all comments stopped. The boys were blind.

One of them, a bonny venturesome fellow, called: "Come here, Charlie, you said you would like to know what Cupid was like; well, here he is—nice, fat baby lying on his side with wings coming out his back. He's a much on clothes," he finished with a laugh.

Eagerly they gathered around Cupid, and then other pieces of statuary were discussed with understanding and animation, their comments showing often startling comprehension of the things they "saw." They read the character of the faces they felt and saw points of beauty or excellence that with eyesight often overlooked, and among all the guests they were the most appreciative.

City Flower Beds That Will Tease the Pal

CLEVELAND, O.—Gaily intoning, "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," Theodore H. Wenz, secretary of the elections board bureau registrars, has coaxed one of the finest market gardens in Cleveland



being in the belief that he was growing flowers. With whole-hearted enthusiasm he delved and dug, early late, planting best seeds for petunias, lettuce for cosmos, radishes for asparagus beans for panoles and toma for celosia plumosa.

The back to nature impulse Wenz last winter and the spent evenings at his home, studying culture of flowers. As soon as frost was out of the ground he began operations. First he wrote Congressman William Gordon for literature and, well supplied with data, he began delve into the subject.

With the first warm days of spring he ordered a consignment of flower seeds and displayed them to his fellow employees in the board of elections, offices, and right there is where he made his tactical error. William Scherer, recorder of naturalization papers, had not forgotten that Wenz had substituted two dozen glass eggs for a like number of the poachable commodity, belonging to him and he was not slow in emptying out the flower seeds and replacing them with those of vegetables.

Each day Wenz has issued bulletins on his "flower garden" and the other day he said:

"I tell you peony beds are the envy of the neighborhood. A funny thing happened last night though. I was showing a woman who lives next door the plants last night and asked her what she thought of my asters."

"She said: 'They look like radishes, and your petunias look like beets, the cosmos like lettuce and the pansies like beans.' Doesn't it beat all how ignorant some people are?"

Big Chief "Two Guns" Up in Air in "Eagle Canoe"

NEW YORK.—Chief Two Guns White Calf of the seeing New York party of Blackfoot Indians sat beside Ralph M. Brown in his Thomas Flying boat the other morning and spun over the Falls at Dobbs Ferry. It was Chief Two Guns' first air trip, but it came very near being his last.

As Mrs. Two Guns and the party were shading their eyes and watching the flying boat rise gracefully from the water and soar over the Palisades toward the happy hunting grounds of Chief Eagle Calf, who is the interpreter for the party, told Agent Charles R. Griffin that he anticipated bad medicine for Chief Two Guns before the flying canoe came to earth.

He had just spoken the words, according to Griffin, when the flying boat ran into an air pocket, swerved to one side and then, taking an angle of 60 degrees, dived for the Hudson. Barely 100 feet over the water Pilot Brown got the boat under control and it took to the water like a duck and skimmed across the river to the party.

Chief Two Guns lost no time in getting to land and after gesticulating and uttering a series of "Hows" said in perfectly good English, "Heap fine eagle canoe. Ugh oof! Me no 'fraild!' But he did not interpret his Indian grunts, and if grunts mean fear in Blackfoot he grunted louder than the exhaust from the engine when the eagle canoe took its downward course, according to Pilot Brown.

"He hung on tight," explained Mr. Brown, "and don't you forget it, he grunted."

OLD-TIME DELICACIES

SUITABLE DESSERTS FOR USE DURING "GREEN" SEASON.

Rhubarb Compote Always a Favorite With Our Mothers and Grandmothers—English Rhubarb Pudding—Apple and Pie Plant Pie.

(By LIDA AMES WILLIS.)

In response to several recent inquiries for recipes for rhubarb and gooseberry dishes, such as mother or grandmother "used to make," the following list has been compiled:

Rhubarb Compote.—This is Aunt Betty Martin's recipe: Make a rich sirup by adding sugar to the water in which long strips of orange peel have been boiling until tender, allowing two oranges to five pounds of rhubarb. Drop into the hot sirup a single layer of tender rhubarb cut in three-inch lengths, and cook gently until clear. Remove with skimmer and add another layer. Use tender red stalks that do not require peeling, if you grow your own plants.

Baked Rhubarb.—Aunt Betty's grandniece reads this old-time recipe: Wash and stalk the stalks and cut in inch pieces, place in a covered pitkin or bean pot, sprinkle each layer well with white sugar, allowing at least a cupful to a quart of rhubarb. Bake in moderately hot oven about an hour and a half. In olden times this was placed, with the baking, in the Dutch oven.

Old English Rhubarb Pudding.—Make a suet crust with one cupful of finely chopped suet, a pinch of salt and two cupfuls of flour tossed well together. Then mix with just enough water to make a dough. Do not handle much. Roll into a sheet, line a buttered baking dish with the dough, reserving enough to cover the top. Wash, wipe and pare off the outside skin from six stalks of rhubarb and cut into small pieces. Fill the basin with the suet, strewing a cupful of moist sugar through it. Cover with the crust, pinching the edges together, tie up in a cloth, well floured inside, put into a deep saucepan and boil for two and a half hours continuously, or place in a steamer and steam for two hours, first setting a hole in the middle of the top crust to allow the steam to escape. When done, turn from the basin, if you wish, and serve with sugar or a hard sauce as you prefer.

Apple and Pie Plant Pie.—This is a recipe from Missouri: Use equal quantities of tart apples and pie plant, or garden rhubarb, and a good pie paste. Peel and slice the fruit and

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



EFFECTIVE FORCE AT WORK

Tiny Bit of Humanity Graphically Describes to Belligerent Attorney How He Captured Burglar.

Little Smithson was a meek, nervous-looking five feet of humanity. His manner suggested the probability of his heart breaking were he at any time compelled to kill a fly, even though it were in self-defense.

When, therefore, a burglar paid him a visit one night, he was a bit scared. The nocturnal visitor having been captured, Smithson had to give evidence at the trial.

The prisoner's counsel, a big, bullying man, evidently thought he had got an easy job on when little Smithson entered the witness box.

Having described the events prior to the burglar's capture, Smithson said:

"Of course, I got him all right, but I had to use considerable force before he gave in."

"Oh, indeed?" replied the lawyer, with a skeptical smile, as he looked the little man up and down. "And what force was it you used?"

"Oh," replied Smithson, with a bland smile, "it was the police force."

—New York Journal.

Conquered.

Wife (with rolling pin)—Guess this will teach you not to say "my furniture" and "my house." I had the money when you married me, and you must say "our house," "our furniture."

Husband (next morning) from under the bed, where he had spent the night—My dear, can I put on our trousers?

Turn Shame!

Twenty-four Hour Man (with the circus passes)—Where are the bills you should have in your windows?

Hickville Storekeeper (irritably)—You, why inarnation don't yer other advance agent leave managerie pictures instead of lady trapeze artists? The Purty Scapes made me take 'em all down!—Puck.

Improvement.

"Don't you think you could do something with that orchestra to improve my song?" asked the soloist at the theater.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the orchestra leader.

"Why, they could hardly hear my song for that drum."

"Well, we can put in a couple more drums!"

Wanted Definite Information.

"Here's some information, Willie. This paper states that potatoes in Greenland do not grow larger than an ordinary marble."

"I don't call that information, papa," replied the boy; "what size marble does it mean—a clay 'nigger' or a china alley?"

A SAFEGUARD.

The benzine will quickly dry, leaving no trace of stain.

Rice Apples.

To one pint of boiled rice add, while hot, half-cupful of thick, white sauce, the well-beaten yolk of one egg, half-teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a dash of cayenne; set aside until cold; shape in form of small apples, roll in flour, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper; insert a clove at both stem and blossom end of each apple.

Green Pepper Catsup.

Take the seeds from five pounds of green peppers and put into a large preserving kettle. Add two large or three smaller onions, chopped fine, and one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and mace. Pour in vinegar until the contents of the kettle are well covered, and simmer gently for three hours. Rub through a sieve and when cool bottle.

For the Pieplant Season.

Prepare pieplant in the usual way for pies. Then put it in an enameled basin and cover it with cold water. Place on the range where it will heat slowly until it reaches the boiling point. Remove and drain. This takes out the rank flavor and acid.

Baked Eggs in Peppers.

The canned red peppers (pimentos) are best for this dish. Butter a cup, put in a whole pepper, drop in an egg, sprinkle with salt and buttered breadcrumbs. Bake until the egg is set.

FRENCH TAKE THINGS EASY

While Cherishing Love for Academy They Never Miss Chance to Make It Object of Wit.

The French are not inclined to take things too seriously. Thus, while they love and respect the venerable French academy, they never refrain from making it the subject of a little good-natured wit. Even the members themselves, as this entry in Victor Hugo's notebook will show, indulge in occasional sallies against the famous institution.

On December 17th, 1846, Victor Hugo, himself one of the forty "immortal" members of the academy, wrote in his notebook:

"Today, Thursday, in the academy, I spoke there with Dupin the elder about Balzac and of his chances of election to the academy."

"Thunder!" Dupin interrupted me. "So you really believe that, without any more to do, Balzac will be chosen the first time he comes up for election! You quote examples where that has occurred, but these prove nothing. Think of it! Balzac, at the first presentation of his name! You have thought the matter over carefully? Good! But you have forgotten one reason why it is quite impossible that Balzac should be elected to the academy—he deserves it!"

AT THE LAWN PARTY DANCE.



Dwyllyn—Gracious, you have eloquent feet!

George—Well, that's better than having crooked feet.

No Wonder.

"Was Jebson in today when you called to collect the bill?" asked the head of the subscription department.

"Yes, he was, and he paid me a very pretty compliment," said the lady collector.

"How about the money?"

"Oh, I forgot all about that!"

Making the Bed Go Round.

Yeast—I see a hotel designed for one of the warmest cities of southern California will have pipes conveying a cooling liquid in every room, even the bed frames being made of them.

"Crimsonbeak—That's going some—having the drinks follow a man to bed!"

Getting Him Located.

"Did you ever play poker in Crimmon Gulch before?" asked Three Finger Sam.

"Only once," replied the stranger, "and then I played only for fun."

"I recollect you. You're one of those fellows who can't have any fun unless they win everything in sight."

She Was On.

He had left her between the acts, saying he had to "see a man."

"Well, and how is John?" she asked when he returned.

"John! John who?"

"John Barleycorn, of course," she replied.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Accounting for the Hair.

BH—I see horsehair is said to make a substitute for rubber in the manufacture of automobile tires.

JH—Perhaps that gave the landlady the idea that if she put some in the butter it would make the butter go around farther.

Any Time.

Nell—Eliza went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married.

Stell—What did he tell her?

Nell—He took one look at her and told her to grab her first chance.—Judge.

Social Simile.

"Bliggins is always talking about his family tree."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "A family tree is like the ordinary tree. The twig that is farthest from the main root does the most fluttering."

Athletic Vocalization.

"Is a ventriloquist a person who throws his voice?" asked Mr. Lobrow.

"So to speak."

"Well, we've got one next door. She hasn't thrown it yet, but she is giving it a terrible struggle."

Floater.

Church—I see that Philadelphia's harbor policemen all weigh 200 pounds or more, and none of them can swim.

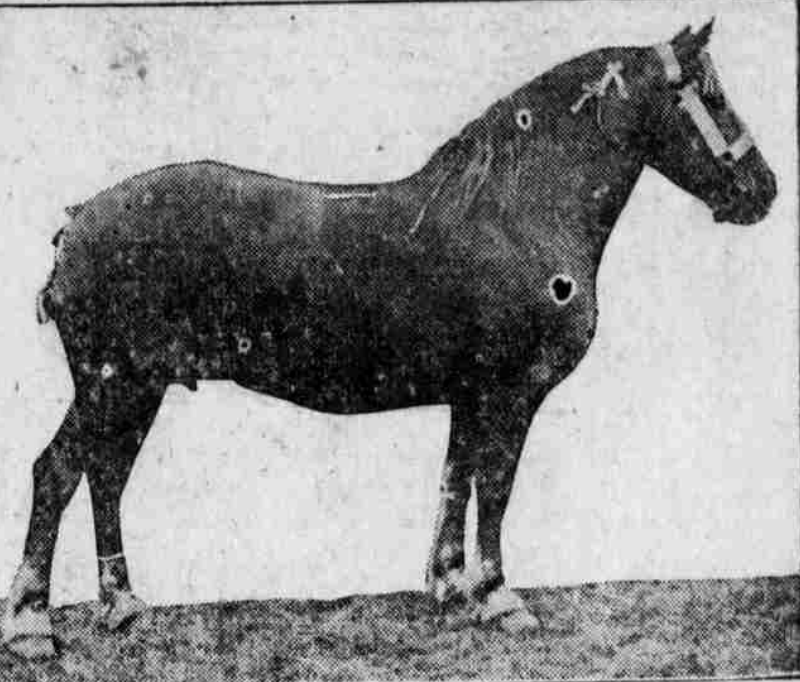
Gotham—Oh, well, if they weigh that much they ought to be able to float, all right.

Depraved Taste.

Young Lady—That man at the agricultural fair certainly did loop the loop gracefully.

Grandma—La, Sally, how can you see anything graceful in a lurching? I think it is disgraceful.

INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT THE HORSES



A Fine Type of Clydesdale.

If a mare with a suckling colt shows signs of sore feet on hard roads or stable floors, have her shod lightly.

Take a look at the colt's feet occasionally. Keep them clean and if they show signs of cracking pack with damp clay.

Never allow your horse to become whip-shy. That kind of a horse is nearly as useless as a gun-shy dog.

The bad habit of pawing in the stable is generally caused by irregular feeding. A horse does not like to wait for his meals any more than a man does.

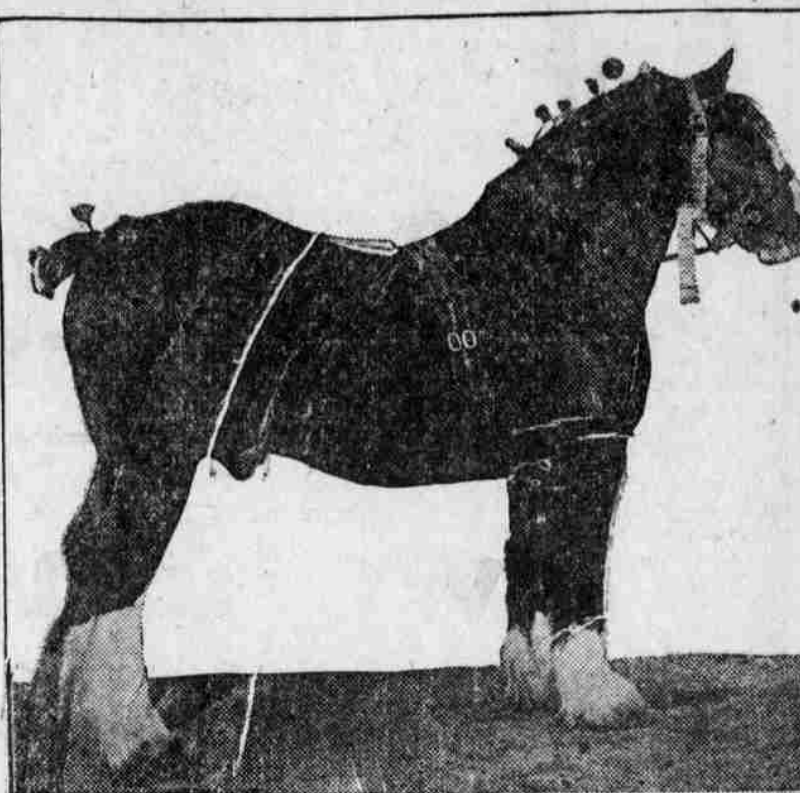
Don't be alarmed if your horse evinces a desire to eat dirt, but change his feed and give him what nature craves. Cut out the corn for a few days and feed oats and some

roots to vary the monotony. Do not pamper the stallion too much. He can be worked lightly every day to advantage. A five-mile walk does a stallion no good. Give him a brisk drive.

Is your horse a cribber? Then give him away.

The best horse we ever owned was a Morgan mare whose mother died when the colt was three weeks old. She was raised by hand on cow's milk, molasses and corn meal until she was old enough to take her place at the trough.

When your neighbor sells a colt for \$150, and you can only get \$75 for yours, although it is the same age, and just as big, you will probably wish your stud fee had been a little larger.



Another Fine Clydesdale.

LITTLE CHICK IS BEST INSECTICIDE

Youngsters Devour Many Injurious Insects—Cheaper to Feed Birds Than to Raise Bugs.

(By HELEN WATTS-M'VEY.)

One of the best insecticides is the little chick—not the size with strong legs and claws.

Coop the old hen close to the garden fence and let the chicks have the run of the garden.

Make friends with the birds. It is cheaper to feed birds than to raise bugs and worms.

Syringe the carnations occasionally with coal oil emulsion, following this with a dash of cold water upon all sides of the plant, to rid it of green lice.

A brass garden syringe is a good investment if you use it properly and often enough to make it pay. It won't use itself.

To keep the ants off the peony buds dust well with powdered tobacco and place tobacco stems over the soil about the roots.

Ants in the garden may be trapped by placing fresh meat bones or bacon rinds where they collect; when covered with ants dip into boiling water, dry and repeat.

Layers of lime or wood ashes around beds of plants will keep the slugs and snails out of the bed. Where they are bad hand pick at night by the light of a lantern.

Dalmatian insect powder is a fine remedy for black flies and green lice on plants. Give a light application after a shower or when the plant is wet with dew once a week on all sides.

For bark-lice on either ornamental shrubs or trees and on fruit trees, make a rather strong solution of soda and apply with a brush (a white-wash brush will do). Use the solution plentifully all over the bark.

A layer of lime applied to the surface when the ground is dry and the weather clear will sometimes drive ants from their villages.

A watering of hot cayenne pepper tea, as hot as the hand will bear, will rid plants of ants and many other pests if applied to their roots.

The best insecticide is the healthy, thrifty growing of the plant.

SOME ESSENTIALS IN SETTING HENS

Fowl Should Be of Quiet Demeanor and Steadfast Purpose—Squawky Kind Undesirable.

(By A. C. SMITH, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

It is quite essential to choose a hen of quiet demeanor and steadfast purpose, to accomplish what she has undertaken. One of the wild, noisy, flighty kind should not be considered for a moment, for such a one is almost worse than none at all. Visit the house at twilight, lift the hens that are on the nest showing an inclination to sit by the feathers of the back. One that flies from the nest and squawks is not the kind you want. It is possible, though, that she may tame down a little in two or three days, so give her another trial.

The hen that, after being lifted a little above the nest, is quick to resume her place and scolds you a little for disturbing her, even perhaps picks you in resentment, is the one you want for the real business of sitting. Remove her to the box prepared for her and shut her in until next morning, when she should be allowed to come off or be taken off for food and drink. She will probably return to the nest herself, and in case she does not, put her back and try her for another 24 hours. If on the third trial she does not return to her nest of her own accord, discard her and try another.

Apple-Corer Weeder.

An apple corer will prove more satisfactory for a small garden where a good deal of hand weeding is done than the regular weeder.

The corer cuts right down in the earth and lifts the root of the weed out, just as it does the core of an apple.

Ten Minutes Well Spent.

Ten minutes work at night when the horses come from the fields washing their faces, shoulders and legs will keep the animals in prime condition.

Interest in Milk Machine.

Interest in the flying machine has been put into the shade by the interest in the milking machine.